

A Toys Orchestra "Peter Pan Syndrome"

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Friend! Iâ€™ve kept the corks to build a raft
without a map without a flag
you told me always to be Â“clearÂ”
now iâ€™m so clean that i cry soapball tears
flat like an ol electric eel
too boring to bore,too scared to fear
the moon is just a cheeky skull
and everynight it says the same:
Â“you are the same! You are the same!Â”
You! You dig up the seeds that iâ€™ve spread
and hide dried flowers in your hat
help me, my friend,to camouflage
my peter pan syndrome advanced state
rose-scented days glue-flavoured nights
so terrified to split oneâ€™s sides
when the wild beast will be tamed
the cheeky moon repeats the same:
Â“you are the same! You are the same!Â”
Into the bottle for a day
iâ€™m waiting for tomorrow
iâ€™m waiting for the final round
to perceive the ultrasound
and start the haunt
iâ€™m waiting for the night the moon will close
for ever.

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